

INGENIOUS MR. JONES.

Now Jones he writes a story of a blamed superior kind. In fact, a stronger story would be pretty hard to find. He read it to his friends, which the same it greatly moved. In private Jones himself admitted it couldn't be improved.

But with the periodicals the story seemed to fall. Each time it came a-riding back on the next returning mail. And the editor of "The Monthly Snore" turned up his nose in scorn. And sent a note advising Jones to stick to hoeing corn.

Then Jones, he cursed these worthy men in a way that was a sight. He freely charged they'd not the brains to last them over night.

And of "The Snore's" conductor he took occasion to assert. That the critic didn't know enough to ache where he was hurt.

Yet still the story wouldn't sell, though offered far and wide. But Jones was not the fellow long to stand upon his pride. "She's perfect, but I'll alter 'er," the rising author said.

For a literary man, Jones has a decidedly long head. So Jones he tossed aside his coat and tumbled up his hair. Pulled off his cuffs and got his pen and dropped into his chair.

Yanked down his perfect story from its place upon the shelf. And rewrote it in a dialect he couldn't read himself. Then to the brilliant "Monthly Snore" he sent the same as new.

Within two hours these glorious words were spread in Jones's view. "Dear Mr. Jones, we greatly like 'O' Rob'n's' 'Dimp'lick." And beg that you herewith will find enclosed our cashier's check."

Yes, Jones he wrote a story!—and he kept on writing more.

Till he got the job of editing the able "Monthly Snore." But he keeps 'em all in dialect that never can be read.

For a literary man Jones has a decidedly long head.

—N. Y. Tribune.

AN ILL WIND,

And the Fortune It Blew to Forrest Marsh.

Denhard's Roman Circus, Greek Hippodrome and Oriental Caravan started out very much handicapped in the spring. There was a legacy of debt hanging over it from the previous disastrous season, and it had been prophesied that it would never move from its winter quarters; but it did, contrary to general prediction.

Denhard was a manager of rare ability, but circumstances had conspired to make his past season a losing one. The incoming of the gigantic railroad shows had eaten up the territory and drawn the patronage of the crossroads by their system of excursions to the centers.

He had hesitated to take to the rail himself when he was able to do so, and had listened to the advice of his principal adviser, an agent of advanced years, who had spent a lifetime in the routing of wagon shows. The veteran of the road could not cave to the newer method of transportation, and had a hearty contempt for all shows motored by rail.

So it was that Denhard adhered to old methods until he had reduced his bank account to an alarming condition, and was barely able to pay off his company and agents and wind up his show. The manager was now brought to a position where he must leave the turnpike and travel by train.

The sale of his surplus stock of horses and extra wagons helped him out, and a printer, whom he had patronized for many years, gave him a limited margin of credit. The reader is here put in possession of all the facts of the unfavorable circumstances under which Denhard's tent show started out in the spring of 1878.

Forrest Marsh, the press agent, was one of the advance men who remained in Denhard's employ, not so much from choice as from necessity. No offers for his services had reached him from other managers, and, being broke, and more than that, in debt, he made the best of things as they were, and remained under the old banner.

The writer of puffs and hurls of adjectives had had experience enough to feel shaky about the future of the show, still he did not worry much about his foreseen impending fate; he was too much of a Bohemian for that. If he had a place to sleep and a full stomach, he allowed the morrow to take care of itself, and gave no heed to the future.

From the start things did not go well with Denhard. The people of the town felt little interest in the show from the fact of its wintering there, and the less because they knew to the smallest boy in town that the manager was in financial straits. The spring was a late one, and the snow clung to the ground with no warning sun to melt it, and when the thaw did come the breakup of winter was brought on by long and heavy rains.

The receipts at the opening were next to nothing, and Denhard looked glum. It would be tedious to detail the movements of the show for the first month, but it moved, but salaries and remittances to the printer were omitted. The manager did manage to keep his advance corps moving and hold his company together.

When the weather improved other causes served to interfere with prosperity. The people had seen the great big shows and no longer cared to patronize the more modest outfit; then the route agent had oversold the caliber of his show and placed it in several of the larger western cities which should have been avoided.

Denhard saw these errors of judgment when the bills came in and the local expenses wiped out the receipts. If a show has anything unusual happen to it in the way of misfortune it is a show in distress.

The mishaps were so numerous that it was a frequent remark that there must be a Jonah in the organization, but who the ill-starred individual was was never satisfactorily arrived at.

In justice to the advance of the show it must be said that they worked as hard as men ever worked to create success. At times they grew faint-hearted and seemed to realize that the show was doomed, but professional pride would come to the rescue and the elder of the agents would recall seasons of the past in which they had under like circumstances pulled through and won the banner of victory in the very teeth of defeat.

Bad news travels fast, and even as the men were billing towns they heard that the show was not doing well, and it seemed as though it must suffer collapse at no distant day. Still it moved because Denhard was a master at his trade, and all he had in the world was invested in his show.

For nearly three months the manager stood the strain with a bold front, but the anxiety was telling on him, and when he received a visit from the printer, who was importunate for funds, he felt that the end had come. And it was near.

The arrival of the printer caused dismay in the dressing-room, and the musicians discussed the situation in more languages than ever heard before since Babel.

Denhard talked long and eloquently to the printer, but he was importunate, and said:

"Denhard, you have my sympathy, but self-preservation forces me to protect myself. I cannot ruin myself to save you."

Then came to an end Denhard's Roman Circus, Greek Hippodrome and Oriental Caravan, and all of the agents in advance were notified of the disaster by wire.

Philosophic and Bohemian Forrest Marsh was shaken when he received the news, as he was penniless and awfully placed. Ten days before he had arrived at the little Mississippi river town, when at the hour of his expected departure he had received a telegram from the general agent in advance instructing him to "wait orders." And he had waited without hearing further from his superior.

It was a full place to be hanging about in for ten days. The majority of the inhabitants were Germans, and the hotel at which he was stopping was combined with a brewery, the proprietor of which was a gruff old fellow with the voice of a basso profundo, and very much of a tyrant in his way.

The only person about the premises who seemed to have control or influence over the brewer and landlord was his pretty blonde daughter, Lena, and when he got into one of his guttural tantrums she would wind her plump arms about him and lead him captive.

On occasions the ruler of the tavern and brewery had an interval of good humor, and at such times he would invite his order-stayed guest to join him in a beer, and frequently Lena, too, would take a kilder.

Forrest Marsh was quite skilled at the piano, and when the old man was in good humor he would thump out a German waltz as Lena tripped about the room.

The writer of circus literature whiled away the time as best he could trying to preserve his patience and wondering what was up. Perhaps they were going to "take up the standards" ahead; but what was the use of conjecturing? He was obeying orders and had nothing to do but make the best of the situation.

Forrest Marsh had another annoyance besides the delay. On his arrival his finances were in a low state, and when the telegram from his manager arrived informing him of the end he was banished.

No matter how many times he read over the telegram, the fact remained, he was stranded, but he would return to the show.

He examined his railroad pass and made a discovery which quite took his breath away. It did not call for a return trip. It should have done so, for it is often necessary that the principal agents of a circus have the privilege of passing up and down the line.

Marsh's long stay at the hotel had been a surprise to its proprietor, but the show was billed, and other agents and the bill posters and programmers had come and gone, else the landlord would have long before called on the sojourner for an explanation or a settlement.

When the press agent did make an explanation, as he was forced to, the German fairly exploded and filled the air with a mixture of oaths rarely heard, even in the tavern or the brewery in his wildest moods, winding up by denouncing his guest as a "swindler."

And when he yelled "swindler!" you could have heard it half over the town. Denhard's misfortune had bequeathed as a memory a good big bill for the entertainment of his advance, and the fury of the loser was visited upon the head of the unfortunate Forrest Marsh.

In his rage the old man might have done the young man violence but for the opportune arrival of Lena, who excused her wits, and when he had cooled down a bit, said:

"Papa, you are unreasonable. Poor fellow, you can't blame him; it is not his fault."

"Vell, if it isn't his fault," returned the father, "he had not petter not go away from here."

As Lena led him away he turned and thundered:

"You stay right here! Don't you dare to go away!"

Marsh had expected to be turned out of doors, and the command furnished some satisfaction, even though it was uttered in anger.

The next day the circus man in distress was put in a small room under the roof of the house, and he had about the premises instead of a guest. There was plenty to do about the hotel and the brewery, and the way that the proprietor kept him hazing was wearying.

But the prisoner had a place to sleep and enough to eat, and there was some consolation in that. When the victim was not too tired he would laugh to himself at his dilemma. By the end of a week the old man had experienced a change in his temper and even began to address the captive graciously.

As the boss' good humor grew, Forrest Marsh gained in the stern, old Dutchman's good graces, and, being ready and willing and apt besides, he proved so useful to the jailer—not employer—that one day he heard the father remark to the daughter:

"Dot fellow is a pretty smart fellow, Lena, tear so ish, py jiminy."

As the retained and detained guest won favor in the eyes of the father, he, too, grew in the esteem of the fair-haired daughter.

It was not long before it was Forrest here and Forrest there all over the place. Forrest could do everything; everybody wanted him, and never was there more willing helper than the captive.

One night over his pipe and beer the stern old fellow unbent as Lena and the young man sang to the latter's accompaniment, and when the little festivities came to an end, the ruler of the establishment broke out:

"Mister Marsh—"

He had never addressed the young man so formally before, and Forrest

pricked up his ears to listen to what followed.

"When you was first come here and no pay your hotel bill, I was purty mad of you; put ven I get me over dot mad I say myself to myself dot was not your fault but dot fault of dot circus vot got bust up."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Marsh, deprecatingly.

"Nein, nein," protested the old man, "It vos all wrong, put I makes dot right mit you to-morrow we have some talk. Good night."

With that the old man tramped off to bed, leaving the young folks to chat until the mother's call of "Lena" warned them that the time was getting into the small hours.

On the morrow a very satisfactory arrangement was made with Forrest Marsh and he was at once placed in the position of a paid employee, and it was but a short time before the young man was "next to the throne" and the moving and active spirit about the double establishment.

The old man as time passed lived more at his ease and gave less personal attention to his business, and at the end of a year all callers on business were referred to "Mister Marsh," with the added remark: "He's ter poss."

The hotel prospered and the product of the brewery sold to the limit of its capacity. Forrest Marsh hustled and the old man smoked his pipe and quaffed his beer with his cronies.

How were Lena and Forrest getting along? Why, Lena was teaching Forrest German; and what a willing pupil he was. And what young man would not have wrestled with a foreign tongue to have had such a teacher? But the task was not such an easy one, and when he failed to catch the pronunciation of a few breaker the pretty teacher scolded and stamped her little foot in well pretended anger.

The pupil persisted and aired his new accomplishment in the brewery until by practice he could, to the delight of his employer, converse readily in the language of the fatherland.

Lena was a great match, but none of the beaux or the swells of the little city by the river gained favor in her eyes, which were all for Forrest Marsh.

Lena's parents had not been blind to the growing affection of the young folks, neither did they object to it; they just remained passive and let events take their natural course, and events went tending rapidly toward matrimony.

So it was no surprise when the young man asked for the hand of Lena. The answer almost caused the lover to faint.

"How could my tarter marry a fellow vot has got nodding?"

The next morning the old man broke forth in a roar of laughter at Marsh's glum visage, and then he said, reassuringly:

"My tair py, I fix dot. I vos too old and too lazy to run ter pinzies. You vos ter poss. I can't get along mitout you any longer. I trust you mit my money. You vos smart. You vos honest. Vot more could I want? Put my Lena dot never marry a poor man. I fix dot. I give you Lena—all of Lena, and half the brewery, and half the hotel, and the biggest wedding vot was ever of this town since it vos born."

And the wedding was an event, and will ever be remembered in that locality and vicinity. Forrest Marsh by his affability had made himself exceedingly popular, and everybody declared he was a "lucky fellow," but the girls, in their view of the alliance, said "lucky Lena."

In after years, in his happiness and prosperity, Forrest Marsh looked back upon the circumstances which brought him to the spot. An event which impoverished Denhard and blasted his life had enriched him and crowned him with happiness, and at such times as he mused he was wont to repeat to himself the familiar adage: "It is an ill wind which brings no one good."—Charles H. Day, in N. Y. Journalist.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Figures Regarding the Number of Souls on the Earth.

Exactly how many people there are in the world it is impossible to say, since no census is taken of many populous countries, like China, while the number of people who live in the jungles of Africa can only be guessed at.

As long ago as 1866, Behm, a leading German authority, estimated the population of the earth at about one billion four hundred million.

In 1880, the same authority set the figures at about a hundred million more. He did not base this new estimate on the natural increase of the people of the world, but explained that more accurate figures and estimates had enabled him to guess more closely.

Two years later Mr. Behm estimated the earth's population at twenty-two millions less than in 1880, the decrease being accounted for by the fact that new investigations had compelled the reduction of the estimated population of China from something over four hundred millions to about three hundred and fifty millions.

Probably the estimate for the year 1891, made by a learned German statistician, is the most nearly accurate of any yet made—one billion four hundred and eighty millions.

It is believed that the world's population is increasing at the rate of nearly six millions a year.

The most populous continent is Asia, which contains two countries—China and India—whose swarming millions outnumber the people of all the other countries of the continent.

The most densely peopled continent is Europe. The number of people in Europe is known with a great degree of accuracy. There are about three hundred and sixty millions; and these people are so small that there are upon it an average of ninety-three people to the square mile.

The people upon the continents of North and South America, without the Arctic regions, are less than one hundred and twenty-two million in number, or only eight to the square mile.

When America is as densely peopled as Europe, this half of the world will have a population of nearly one billion four hundred million—practically the same as that of the whole world at the present time.—Youth's Companion.

A peasant woman, in the absence of her husband, sells two fat cows to a passing dealer. As he says he has no money with him, she is unwilling to let him have them without security. "Very well," he says, "then I will leave one of the cows for security." The woman agrees and calmly allows him to march off with the other cow.—Fillegood Blatter.

THE PREHENSILE ORGANS.

Their Possession Is an Index to the Animal Intelligence.

The possession of an effective prehensile organ—a hand or its equivalent—seems to be the first great requisite for the evolution of a high order of intellect. Man and the monkeys, for example, have a pair of hands; and in their case one can see at a glance how these prehensile organs, all human arts, base themselves ultimately upon the human hand; and even the apes approach nearest to humanity in virtue of their ever-active and busy little fingers. The elephant again, has his flexible trunk, which, as we have all heard over and over again, is equally well adapted to pick up a pin or to break the great boughs of tropical forest trees. (That pin, in particular, is now a well-worn classic.) The squirrel, once more, celebrated for his unusual intelligence when judged by a rodent standard, uses his pretty little paws as veritable hands, by which he can grasp a nut or fruit all around, and so gain in his small mind a clear conception of its true shape and properties. Throughout the animal kingdom generally, indeed, this correspondence, or rather this chain of causation, makes itself everywhere felt; no high intelligence without a highly developed prehensile and grasping organ.

Perhaps the opossum is the very best and most crucial instance that could possibly be adduced of the intimate connection which exists between touch and intellect. For the opossum is a marsupial; it belongs to the same group of lowly-organized, antiquated, and pouch-bearing animals as the kangaroo, the wombat, and the other belated Australian mammals. Now everybody knows the marsupials as a class are nothing short of preternaturally stupid. They are just about the very dullest and silliest of all existing quadrupeds. And this is reasonable enough, when one comes to think of it, for they represent a very antique and early type, the first rough sketch of the mammalian idea, if I may so describe them, with wits unsharpened as yet by contact with the world in the fierce competition of the struggle for life as it displays itself on the crowded stage of the great continents. They stand, in short, to the lions and tigers, the elephants and horses, the monkeys and squirrels of Europe and America, as the Australian black fellow stands to the Englishman and Yankee. Cornhill Magazine.

UNWELCOME INTRUDERS.

One of the Disadvantages of the Bath in Ceylon.

The luxury of the bath is best appreciated by people in hot climates. The baths of Kingston, Jamaica, are described by a correspondent as delightful, being long enough and wide enough to allow one to flounder about, and even to take a couple of strokes. They are made of concrete and are filled with water at the temperature at which it comes from the mains—just right to make a plunge enjoyable. So clear is the water that one can scarcely realize it is three feet deep.

Once in a while, to be sure, there is something which may detract from its enjoyment by the stranger, if he has not become used to some of the other inhabitants of the land. For example, as I was about to take my first jump, I discovered something that looked a bit like a horseshoe crab down at the bottom. Calling to one of the black pickninnies running about the yard, I asked him what it was.

"Oh, dat's a scorpion."

"Well, take him right out."

"Oh, he's dead, sah."

"Never mind! I prefer my bath without him in it."

A dead scorpion is bad enough, but that is preferable to having a live one drop from the rafters overhead on one's bare flesh, as once happened to a friend of mine.—Youth's Companion.

The electric cars have already lent the impertinent small boy a new figure of speech. Out on Jamaica pond the other night a tall man, who was skating along in one straight, continuous, even line, suddenly struck something and came down with a bump. "Ah, mister," said a small boy who was playing hockey near by, "yer trolley's off."

PLENTY OF PUSH.—The handcart.

A CAUTIONARY SIGNAL—"No trust."

We often suspect a man of vice then of virtue.

Not to be sneezed at.—The lace handkerchief.

SWEET-MEETS—Lovers' reunions.—Boston Transcript.

COMES high, but we must have it.—The sun.—Life's Calendar.

The flour mission.—To make good bread.—Texas Siftings.

His thoughts hung upon his words as beautiful pictures on books of gold.

ALWAYS ready to take a hand in conversation.—Deaf and dumb people.

The man with a "splitting headache" ought to get a job at making rails.—Binghanton Republican.

It is quite natural that an economical young lady should prefer a little waist as possible.

The physician is the man who tells you you need change and then takes all you have.—Elmira Gazette.

An assaulter on a man may be unprovoked, but the man himself seldom is.—Lowell Courier.

A CHAPMAN in a penitentiary never has to exert himself to "hold his audience."—Boston Courier.

This is a world of envious detraction. How many more people look at the sun now that it has a spot on it.—Chicago Times.

That play which presents a scene in Sing Sing ought to be billed as a patriotic drama. It plays like stars and stripes.—Chicago Times.

DANCING MASTERS are generally posted as to the latest movements on foot.—Philadelphia Record.

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Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, Etc.

A TOBACCO MAN must be very careful indeed when he undertakes to perfect himself in palmistry just to get an excuse for holding a young lady's hand.—Somerville Journal.

A COOK book talks of raised doughnuts without saying where they were raised.—N. O. Picayune.

Visit Kansas Via

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, Houston, Tex., & El Paso & Western Terminal Railway. Daily passenger trains leave Houston 10:45 a. m., arriving at Kansas City 2:40 p. m. For information concerning Kansas, or for routes, rates, and time tables of the M. & T. Ry., call on or address W. G. Graham, G. T. A., Parsons, Kas. E. Parker, Asst. Gen. Pass Agent, No. 60 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

The strictest railroad about issuing passes may occasionally pass a dividend.—Lowell Gazette.

A CONTEMPORARY's headline, "Corn is Safe," should be qualified by the important addition, "except in a liquid form."

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch square advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two letters in common with any other word in the dictionary except one. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Elmira Gazette.

The proper thing for a jury is to be firm, but not fixed.—Washington Star.

One of the Richest Mines

Ever discovered is the mine of health that is found in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. Its "output" is unprecedented. Richly does it "pay out" in the paying area of vitality and regularity of organic action. The rehabilitated should work this mine for "all it is worth." So also should the constipated, the bilious, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic, and persons troubled with inactivity of the kidneys or bladder and is gripped.

An actor's life must be far from monotonous. He meets with changes of scene every night.

WHEN should bread be served out to the soldiers?—At roll call.

TESTED BY TIME.—For Bronchial affections, Croup, etc., Brown's BRONCHIAL TROUSERS have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25c.

IT NEVER makes children better to tell them a dozen times a day that they are too mean for any use.—Ran's Horn.

WHEN a man gets religion right, his horse soon finds it out.—Ran's Horn.

I. R. BRANHAM, editor Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have used Brady's Cough with unfailing prompt, decided relief." All druggists, etc.

THIS money that is the rest of all evil is the money that is in another's pocket.—Ran's Horn.

THE Grip of Pneumonia may be ward offed with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

FOON for reflection.—The good dinner that you missed.—Texas Siftings.

BRECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the vital organs, restore lost complexion and bring back the keen edge of appetite.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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